#### CORVALLIS, - - AUGUST 20, 1879

## Hattle's Vacation.

BY EVELYN.

Only a minor teacher in a village school, with a salary of fifty dollars per month. I was an orphan, and lived with my aunt, my mother's sister, to whom I owed a debt of gratitude. We lived alone, in a modest, unpretending way, in a neat little cottage, situated on the outskirts of the village, ten minutes'

walk from my school. I had no sister nor brother, therefore was devotedly attached to my now absent cousin, Gertie, whom my mother reared from infancy. We naturally looked on each other as sisters and the dearest of companions. But she left the village. prepared to travel and seek a position as governess, while I remained with my aunt near the lonely old home that was now deserted. It was nearly three years since we parted, Gertie and I. I had heard frequently from her. In her last letter she told me she was engaged to be married, but declined to give me the particulars, saying she hoped soon to

have good news to tell me. "Oh, how I waited and longed for letters from Gertie! I thought often, as the weeks went by, that she must have entirely forgotten me. It was probable that she was married, and had found a

new and nobler love than mine.

I was absorbed in these reflections when the postman thrust in the open window of the school-house a letter which he held in his hand. In a moment the envelope flew open.
"Oh, it is from Gertie! Dear Gertie,

how could I think you heartless?'

The letter read as follows:-"DEAR HATTIE:--It seems a very long time since last I wrote, but I have abundant good news to tell you. I have now a beautiful home with the best and noblest of husbands. The one wish to be gratified is your presence here. I speak of you almost unceasingly to my husband, who knows how much we love each other. Now that your holidays are come, won't you spend them with George and me? The beautiful surroundings, I know, will please you, and perhaps you will be persuaded to live with me and share my home; it would be but return of the debt owe you. Do not hesitate; come as soon as you are free. Write to us, and the time of your arrival. George will meet you at the station, as we live a short distance in the country. Do not fail, dear Hattie. Love to auntie and yourself. Still your affectionate cousin, "Gertie Dent."

Never did letter bring so much pleasure to a dreary spirit as Gertie's brought to me. I shut the schoolhouse for the summer vacation with a feeling of relief and pleasure, determined to accept her invitation as early as possible. I hurried home, as I was unusually late, to meet my aunt looking for my return.

"What in the world has happened, child? You are excited; is anything wrong?" "Nothing, auntie. I have received a

sends me a pressing invitation to spend my holidays with her."

"But, child, surely you would not think of such a thing? You have never

been away from home; the distance is long for a young girl.' Auntie, I have determined to go, so

don't try to persuade me differently. Just read Gertie's letter, and I know you will approve."
"Well, I suppose I shall have to give

you your own way," wiping her glasses prior to adjusting them on her nose. Kissing her gratefully, I ran up stairs to pen a few lines to my cousin, fixing the time of my visit. The next task was not so easy. My wardrobe was not very extensive, and to adapt it for the advent at hand required tact and ingenuity. However, with my aunt's admirable judgment, combined with my own taste, in less than a week I was perfectly satisfied with my outfit.

The day of my departure came at last, intolerably warm, but bright and sunny, as July days usually are. I bade my aunt an affectionate adieu, wiping away a tear as I looked back, only to see her gazing at me through the window. I half regretted the step I was about to take, as the distance lengthened and I could see her dear old face no more, and I thought how lonely she would be in my absence. But I unconsciously drifted from home thoughts as I passed my way through the crowd of passengers all ready to board the train.

During the entire journey my thoughts were busy with my intended visit. I had pictured to myself Gertie's husband waiting to receive me; but how should I

recognize him?

At last my destination was reached, and my heart gave a throb as I stepped from the train to the platform, anxiously scanning every face, hoping to find a friend. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a gentleman seated in a carriage behind a magnificent span of grays. I perceived at a glance that I was the subject of his earnest gaze.
"Gertie's husband," I thought. "How

noble looking, and how worthy of Ger-

"I hope I have the honor of address ing Miss Hattie Lawrence," he said, approaching.
"I am she," I ventured timidly, vainly

endeavoring to suppress a characteristic Evidently perceiving my embarrass ment, he cordially extended his hand.

"I am happy to meet you, Miss Lawrence; you must be very tired after so long a ride. If you are ready I will help you to the carriage. Gertie is awaiting your arrival anxiously. Her husband was called from home this morning, on business; consequently the pleasant duty of meeting you fell on his brother, Phil."

I must have showed evidence of mistrusting his introductory statement, for he added, his blue eyes beaming with

"I hope you can trust yourself to me."
I said yes, and he helped me to the carriage. In a short time we had left the depot and the village far behind. The gentle animals leisurely trotted along as we gained a gradual ascent in the road, which gave us an unobstructed view of one of the most beautiful landscapes I had ever seen. To the north stood a range of massive cliffs, out of whose highest peak came the ceaseless roar of a mighty cataract, its silver spray being just then embellished by spray being just then embellished by all the beauteous hues of the rainbow caused by the last lingering rays of the setting sun. Beneath, lay the smiling valley, luxuriantly garbed with the richest treasures of the season.

Beyond, stood a grove, and wrapped in its bosom could be seen several white cottages, an occasional gleam of sunshine transforming the windows into burnished gold. I ventured to break the silence, being

hardly capable of controlling the im-"This is one of the most charming

spots I have ever seen.' Mr. Dent smiled. "I perceive, Miss Lawrence, that you are an admirer of nature.

"I am, indeed," I replied. "I am glad you have come, Miss Hattie," he continued; "we are so lonely at the grove! I hope your visit will be a

I thanked him with as much composure as I could muster, and we relapsed into

At last my journey was ended; for Gertie's familiar face peeped at me from the portals of a pretty villa, and a minute later we embraced each other. "Hattie, you must be very tired. Come, now, tea is ready. But first I have something to show you which I know

She led the way to an adjoining room, where a sweet baby lay asleep in its

"Oh, Gertie, why did you not mention this darling's existence to me be-"Because I wanted to surprise you."

I kissed the sweet child carefully, lest I should interrupt its peaceful slumbers, and then followed Gertie to the dining room, where I met George, Gertie's husband, whose hearty welcome and generous hospitality made me feel quite t home.

It is needless to describe how pleasantly my vacation passed. It seemed to me like coming into new life, as it really was, for when I returned to my aunt I was the promised bride of Phillip Dent. Gertie and I live near each other, We often talk of old times. My dear aunt has gone to her last resing place, where she has met her well-earned reward.

#### Journalism in India.

These native journals are very singular

affairs. They are purely a product of the

import of Western civilization upon the Eastern mind, the first one ever issued in the country bearing the date of 1818-Their circulation, as a rule, is very small, sometimes merely nominal, although occasionally, when the price is very lowa cent a copy or less—the number published may run up towards a thousand. Of the 36 vernacular newspapers published in the northwest provinces in 1872, the average circulation was only 162, and even of these the government took a large proportion, chiefly for the use of its school teachers and to encourage the feeble efforts of Indian journalism in its infancy. The Allahabad Institute Gazette had the largest number of subscribers (no less than 381), but of these only 191 were native; 100 copies were taken by the government, 38 by Europeans and 52 were exchanged. One paper, the Baddh Prak-ash, issued 105 copies, of which 106 went to the government and 5 to natives; the Jagal Samachar issued 87, of which 80 were taken by the government, 5 were exchanged, I was taken by an European and I by a native. This is truly the day of small things. But these that we have mentioned are rather extreme cases. Three of the native journals in these same to 250 native subscribers; and in Bengal and Bombay, where public opinion is more advanced and education more diffused, the figures are much better. The Amrita Bazar Patrika, published weekly at Calcutta-a very fierce and spirited little sheet, bitterly antagonistic to the English rule, never weary of pointing out its de fects, and hence correspondingly dear to the native heart- is said to have the largest circulation among the native press, its subscribers numbering upwards of 1400. Not all the native papers have this tone of dissatisfaction with their rulers, but it is strongly characteristic of them. The character of the English papers in this country is less peculiar. The chief traits about them which strike one fresh from contact with the vigor and power of American journalism are their mediocrity, lack of enterprise, and general dullness. It is easy to explain why they are, as a rule, thus flat and uninteresting. Their scope is very limited in every way. There is a great dearth of live topics. Though India has nearly three hundred million of inhabitants, it is only a very small fraction of these that can be taken nto account by the journalist, either as into account by the journalist, either as furnishing him with themes to write about, or people to read what he has written. The earthly history of nearly all these millions can be summed up in a brief sentence: they are born, they work hard to keep soul and body together for a brief period, and then they die. Then again, matters which in a free country are settled by the public, and hence need to be publicly discussed, are here settled quietly by a handful of officials without any public discussion at all. The Indian government is a bureaucratic despotism, tempered by the influence of public opinion in England, but caring next to nothing for public opinion in India. This is discouraging to a journalist of first-class ability who wishes to accomplish something in his generation, and tends to make the number of such who come to or remain in India very small. Furthermore, the English-reading public of India is by no means large; hence a really good journal, to pay at all with so limited a subscription list, has to be high priced.

To illustrate this, it may be mentioned that the *Pioneer*, the leading daily paper of India, published at Allahabad, and sending out about 3000 copies a day, charges \$24 a year in advance, and \$33 in arrears. The *Friend of India*, a secular weekly, published at Calcutta, charges \$11 year, and one of the religious weeklies in the same city costs \$9 per annum. No other paper in the country has anything like the circulation of the Pioneer. There or four of the chief dailies in the presidency towns have between 1500 and 2000 subscribers, but the rest have to be satisfied with considerably less than a thousand, and some have small pickings insand, and some have small pickings in-deed. As a rule, the support is very pre-carious, and the papers short-lived. They spring suddenly into existence, and strug-gle for a while prosperously or otherwise, according to the ability or the money of the one man on whose shoulders they usually rest. When he gets tired of his burden or his whim, or for any cause de-parts, the papers disappear as quickly as they rose.

A young elephant was recently brought into the Court of Exchequer, in London. He was accused of frightening a horse, and thereby damaging a young lady contained in the carriage attached thereto, but his mild and playful behavior in Court, where he amused himself by picking hats off the table, convinced everybody that he did not mean to do it, and the case was compromised. the case was compromised.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is a thorough practical engineer, drove the locomotive attached to the train which conveyed the Prince and Princess of Wales around the royal agricultural

#### A Chamber of Death.

[Oroville Mercury, August 1.] Word was brought to this city a week ago this morning that the water had all been pumped out of the Banner mine, and the skeletons of the men buried by the cave of twenty years ago recovered. L. H. Ayers, foreman of the mine, offered to transport us to the lower regions. We shed our good clothes, put on gum boots and coat, an old hat, and clambered into the big iron bucket. Down, down, down we went! Two hundred feet isn't but a short distance on the earth's surface, but it seems a terrible long way when descending a mining shaft. The bottom was reached in safety, and we scrambled out into a pool of water and mud about two feet deep. Candles were lighted, and following the tunnel a distance of fifteen yards, we came to a ladder leading up to the old level broken into by the blasts set off a week or ten days previous. The top of this ladder rested in a fissure hardly wide enough for a man to squeeze through, beyond which was one of the prospecting cross-cuts run by the miners twenty years ago. Ten feet further on a drift was run off from the cross-cut a distance of about twenty feet which we have seen fit to style, "The Chamber of Death." On a pile of dirt thrown back rom the face of the drift lay two skeletons. From appearance, the animated forms once surrounding and occupying these ghastly evidences of man's mortal-ity had laid down side by side in obedience to the mandatory summons of the monarch Death. Here lay the empty skull of one by his side, while that of the other had rolled down the dirt pile and found a resting place at its owner's feet. Four boots, from each of whom projected a leg-bone, were partially imbedded in the mud at our feet. Picks, drills, and shovels were all neatly piled up together, just as though the brave men, realizing that escape was impossible, had put their house in order prior to closing up their earthly accounts There was the piece of candle that flick ered out in all probability, even as the spark of life departed them-slowly, peacefully, yet surely. The walls were coated with slime, the air was tainted with odors impure, our candles shed fee-ble rays upon a ledge of quartz over-head, nothing marred the deathly silence save the monotonous drip, drip of a little spring as it oozed out of the roof and splashed in a puddle on the floorverily, if ever there was a place deserving such a title, this is "The Chamber of Death." Taking a pick, the piece of candle and a small lump of the plumbago strata in which the unfortunate men were working at the time of the disaster as relics, we wended our way back to the

shaft and took passage for the surface.
Under the heading of "Two Men Buried Alive," the Butte Democrat of Saturday morning, December 3, 1859, said:
"At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult., a portion of the tunnel in the quartz claim of Messrs. Smith & Sparks, at Table Mountain, caved in, entombing alive, probably, within the tunnel, two of the workmen, David Shine and F. G.

"On the claim there is a shaft 165 feet in depth, at the bottom of which was the engine which raised the dirt and rocks, nd drained another tunnel 100 feet be low the engine. The unfortunate men were at work in the lower tunnel, when the earth immediately under the engine caved in, filling the outlet of the tunnel

"One cannot readily imagine a more horrible death than to be shut up, hopeless of escape, in the very bowels of the earth, 265 feet beneath the surface, in utter darkness, with the water gradually rising, and a lingering death about to

ensue, and ensuing.
"We understand that it was agains the wishes of the proprietors of the claim that the two men entered the tunnel on the morning of the catastrophe, as the heavy rains had so saturated the ground fears were entertained of such an event as happened. But one of the men was extremely anxious to give one more

blast, confidently expressing the belief that he would thereby reach a lost vein of quartz." In our opinion the writer erred as to the cause of death. We think the men died from suffocation. The mine had been settling for several days, and guages had been placed in position in various portions of the works so that the work-men could keep themselves informed re-garding their safety. Shine and Mathews were running a prospecting drift on con-tract; they were to draw half their pay while the work was in progress, and the remainder when the lost ledge was struck. Both men were confident that they would finish the job that day, and announced when going to work in the morning that it was their last day in the mine. About half-past 8 one of the car-men discovered on looking at one of the men discovered on looking at one of the guages that the roof of the tunnel was settling very rapidly. The alarm was promptly given. Everybody hastened to escape, except Shine and partner. Dan Hopkins, who died a short time since at Cherokee, was the last man to leave the mine. He stopped at the mouth of the chamber where the victims were working and told them to come out—that the mine was caving in. Shine was that the mine was caving in. Shine was drilling a hole and replied that they would be out just as soon as they got the blast ready to fire. Hopkins had not the blast ready to fire. Hopkins had not yet reached the surface when the tunnel was closed by the cave. From the fact that the tools were all together on top of the dirt thrown back by the men as they worked, and that the skeletons laid right beside them, our hypothesis is that the two men were overcome by the foul air, after having returned from a trip in the tunnel for their tools with which to dig

Our country exchanges are revelling in a perfect riot of delight in columns of delightful yarns about the regulation "farmer who had a terrible conflict with a snake that measured twenty-one feet eleven and three-quarter inches,"

an area of thirty-five square versts (a verst is a measure of length of 3501 feet), forced a company of soldiers, after the Mayor had ordered firing on them for half an hour, to retreat.

A swarm of Russian locusts, covering

Here is something for the youngstern when they again get at their geographies. The highest land this side of the Rocky Mountains is in Potter county, Colorade

#### Storles of the Stage.

Frequently since his first night before London audience, Mr. Gilbert has had such violent attacks of stage fright that he has for several moments been unable to speak his lines. To this day he never goes on the stage in a new character or on an opening night without fear and trembling. Nearly every other promi-nent actor in this and other countries has had the same experience. Devrient, the eminent German tragedian, was particularly subject to stage fright: great Macready was irritable and ner-vous as an old maid when on the stage, and could not be talked to or ever looked at on the first night; while our own Lawrence Barrett, when behind the scenes, is so much occupied with the work he has in hand that he can hardly

be brought to recognize his best friends. The unfortunate being who chanced to cut Edwin Forrest out of a scene, as the theatrical phrase has it, would, during the remainder of the great man's engagement, find his life a burden. Mr. Gil bert is not alone in believing that Forrest was not only a truly wonderful ac tor, but a bully and a coward. It is a matter of record that on one occasion, in the Tremont Theatre, he tormented a little fellow one-third his size almost to madness, but when the young man at last turned upon him with a Roman sword from the "property room," swear ing to take his life, he fled to his dress ing room in the wildest alarm, and did not come out again until the danger, if

there was any, was passed.

The elder Booth, as Mr. Gilbert remembered him, was one of the most gentle and good-tempered of men. Unlike many great actors, he always had a kind word for the most insignificant members of the companies with which he played, and he was ever ready to excuse their blunders. An incident will illustrate the latter trait in his character. He was playing Sir Edward Mortimer in the 'Iron Chest"—one of his greatest parts to an immense audience, and was just on the point of making the most effective speech which he had in the play, when, by a mistake of one of the minor characters, he was obliged-to make sense of the scene—to slur it over and go on withot delivering the speech in question. When the curtain fell the young man who had made the mistake stood in fear and trembling, fully expecting that the lightest punishment which would come to him would be an instantaneous dismissal from the theater. He was mistaken. Mr. Booth, in passing him, said simply, "You were not very clear in that Try to do better another time. That was the end of the matter.

While Mr. Gilbert was stage manage of the Tremont Theater one of the stock company, a sensitive young man, during a rehearsal became so frightened and con-fused by Forrest's bullying directions and abuse that he forgot his lines. When the rehearsal was over Forrest went to Mr. Gilbert and complained bit terly of the young man; asked why in the name of hades he could not have

better support.
"Mr. Smith knows his part well and can play it well," replied Gilbert coolly. Knows his part, sir; knows his part -n it, sir, he can't remember a line of it," thundered Forrest.

"You frightened it out of his head." "I frighten him! How, sir, how?" swered Gilbert his blood getting somewhat warmer. "If you had not inter-ferred with him there would have been no trouble. Let him alone and he will efforts to rescue them unavailing. It is supposed that the tunnel must have filled with water within twenty-four hours after the accident.

Let him alone and he will play the part to-night as well as it can be played." This proved to be the case, and from that time forward Mr. Forrest had no more complaints

## Flooding the Sahara.

The plan of Donald Mackenzie for ppening the interior of the African continent to European commerce by admit-ting the waters of the Atlantic through an artificial channel into a vast depressed area of the arid dessert, which for ages has been the impassable barrier that has isolated the dwellers of the rich and fertile country lying to the south from con-tact with civilization, has just received a fresh impulse by its presentation in popular form in the pages of Scribner's Monthly. The project of Mr. Mackenzie is older than that of Roudaire for creating an African Inland sea, though by no means so well known as the latter; and if the engineering features of the scheme have been correctly stated and observed, the Mackenzie project could be made to accomplish vastly more important re-sults, at a cost not greater and probably considerably less than that of Rou-daire. What is known as the Basin of El Joof is a great depression, 200 feet below the ocean level, in the western portion of the Desert of Sahara, covering an area of 60,000 square miles, and was at one time an arm of the Atlantic ocean, the channel of which was placed not far from Cape Juby, opposite to the Canary Islands. The mouth of this ancient channel, which is still discernable, is 2½ miles wide, and is blocked by a sand-bar about 300 yards across, and elevated ten to thirty feet above sea level. Assuming these statements of the topography of the region to be accurate, as Dr. Macken-zie after several explorations affirms un-equivocally, all that would be required to convert the arid basin of El Joof into a vast inland sea of 60,000 square miles a vast inland sea of 60,000 square miles in area, would be to pierce this ancient channel with a canal, 300 yards in length and a little over thirty feet deep. A small ditch only would be required for this purpose, Mr. Mackenzie claims, since, when communication was once established, the water of the ocean would pour into the degreesed besie and would pour into the depressed basin and scour out the channel for itself. The feasibility of this project on the score of engineering difficulties, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, does not appear ever to have been called into serious question, and of the two projects, Mackenzie's and that of Roudaire, for Many an old-line Whig will remember that famous silver vase, two-and-a-half feet high, which was presented to Henry Clay when he was running for President in 1844. It has just been offered for sale in Boston by the Commoner's grandson.

Mackenzie's and that of Kondaire, for flooding the Algerian chottes, the former is not only vastly the greater in the possible geographical and climatic changes it would bring about, but in its commercial aspects also, since it would bring Timbuctoo, the great negro metropolis, within 2,000 miles of England, making it practically a seaport and the whole it, practically, a seaport, and the whole of North Central Africa would be brought within easy reach of the harbors of Europe. Mr. Mackenzie has championed this scheme zealously and indefatigably for a number of property of the season of th for a number of years, and though he has suffered many checks and disap-pointments, his faith in its ultimate sucess appears to be unshaken.

That newspaper wit who revived the joke about the lady who laced tight in order to prevent wastefulness will hereafter remain quiet when he has been informed that recent explorations by Dr. Schliemann prove conclusively that for thousands of years before Noah laid the hull of the ark the centennial of this joke was celebrated in Egypt.

#### Domestic Economy.

As we see the great advance that has been made in the last fifty years in many departments of labor, the better methods, by which economy in time, in muscle, and of course money—money being only the result of time and labor, are gained, we ask has not the time arrived when we should turn our attention to domestic economy? Are we not ready for better and less wasteful methods of conducting our household? It is not our purpo here to look into the reasons, and ask why this most necessary and useful de-partment of life and labor is the one last to be taken up for reform? Many of the causes are self-evident, so apparent that it would seem to be unnecessary to

enumerate them. Now, however, so many thinking men and women are asking this question, that the next step after agitation and intelligent discontent, must be experiment. Already many excellent inventions for better ways of doing home work have been devised, but they are either not yet heard of by those who need and would be glad to use them, or they are too ex-pensive to be attained by small, separate nouseholds; or, as is often the case, they would unnecessarily multiply kitchen utensils where the small, inconvenient kitchen is crowded already.

It is very clear that the only way to

any real improvement must be in some form of combined labor; where, by the combination of capital, numbers and intelligence, several or many families can procure the best machines and most killed laundry men or women and cooks. One uneducated person can not be supposed to be excellent in various departments, and we rarely find one who excellent in any, but under a better method inducements would be offered to make it worth one's while to be an artist in every branch; and instead of food cooked by an inexperienced woman who had hardly known how to cook anything more than a potatoe; or a field hand from a Southern plantation, who had not been able to try her skill on much more than corn cakes, for these we should be able to employ persons who knew something of the science of cooking and combining and preparing food suitable for refined and highly organized men and

ried before we find the perfect way, but et the experiments be made, we are certainly ready for them.

The generation of young people growing up will adapt themselves very readily to new forms and methods. The burlen of a large house and all of its cares will be a thing of the past, as soon as it s seen that we can have a home, and all of its joys and comforts, without its cares. This will be a stride in the direction of making life a fine art, worthy of thinking beings, instead of the worry it is to most people.

ACTRESSES IN LONDON.-The Spanish King, when Cervantes' great work was yet a novelty, saw a man stretchel on a bank of the Manzanares reading a book and laughing over it. He declared him-self satisfied that the book was The Adventures of Don Quixote, and he proved to be right. Any one who lately observed two or three people talking eager-ly across a London dinner-table might have been warranted in assuming that caise, and of Mile. Sarah Bernhardt. We have heard of a small social circle in which it was made a formal condition that no one was to say a word about the French plays, or even mention the names of its gifted actresses whose genius and and whose real or imagined oddities were the subject of talk everywhere else. The exclusion was in itself a compliment. Society would talk so much on the one theme that in the breasts of certain persons or inevitable exclusions. sons an inevitable revolt sprang up, and they absolutely set a bar on it. Kemble, at Lausanne, grew jealous of hearing people always talking of Mont Blanc. He thought they ought to have talked of him. He would not allow those over whom he had any authority to mention the innocent monarch of mountains in his presence. The very prohibition only proved the interest that every one took in Mont Blanc. If the mountain could have appreciated the compliment it might have smiled complacently amid one of its sunny rosy sunsets, as another mountain is said to have done under the influence of a different emotion. The members of the Comedie Français might near with a certain self-satisfaction that in London people generally talk so much of them as to make a few people here and there impatient of hearing their very names.—London News.

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Corvallis, April 17, 1879.

16:16tf

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